

The power struggle between the Fayoran and the Ako was headed toward a climax. For 1000 years Fayoran's were at the top of the food chain, nourishing themselves with Ako blood. The Ako elite had negotiated themselves into a relatively desirable position in the hierarchy, by framing their co-existence as something that could be tactical rather than an eternity of cat and mouse. The Ako were apathetic about their lives as prey, and they stopped reproducing. The scarcity caused malnourishment and desperation amongst the Fayoran. Those who lived hand to mouth could no longer find Ako to consume, causing them to raid Fayoran farms. The Farms were considered by most Fayoran to be mundane lives of impotent compromise. Ako were technically captive here, alongside Fayoran who oversaw breeding programs, though they gave the Ako the opportunity to live long lives of relative peace. Only the Ako's first borns would be consumed within their own lifetime, then once the Ako were too old to be of any use, they would finally be consumed as well. This was becoming the only sure-bet for starving Fayorans to find Ako. The sudden terror that Ako felt when they became prey unexpectedly, led to the understanding of adrenochrome. Ako were the ones to propose a class-system with cooperating groups at the top of the hierarchy. This class would create a façade which would maximize supply of Ako, who would be handled by the most docile Fayoran. Systematically, they allowed these farms to prosper and grow large populations. And at a moment's notice, the Fayoran elite would appear enjoy feasts that were greater than anything their ancestors had ever known. The weaker Fayoran running the farms would then be murdered and replaced with a mid-tier class, who were raised to believe they were the elite. They were told that because of their great potential, they were hand-picked to run a farm of their own. They took vows of silence as members of the pseudo-elite, and enjoyed a very minimal amount of privileges - about a cup of blood from the newborns they would deliver to their superiors. But this blood was actually from an important stock of hidden, elderly Ako, while the true elite enjoyed taking new-born Ako, where they would be placed into the custody of the Ako elite, who would mold them into the cruelest most manipulative beings on the planet. Fayoran were savages, but they didn't have a particular interest in making things harder than they needed to be for the Ako prey. In contrast, Ako took pleasure at dividing the young into those who learned to enjoy being cruel, and those who would be used as examples for what happens to weak, sympathetic Ako. The most gruesome, most violent fates were those of Ako first-born who showed any kind of hesitation or resistance in their development programs. Where the farms had estranged populations of varying ignorance, they at least enjoyed the illusion of life. Their life on the farm was labor-intensive. The docile Fayoran pseudo-elite were strict, verbally abusive, and at their worst, would administer corporal punishment such as whipping Ako for their peers to see. But they grew up together in large groups, dozens and hundreds of them together, it wouldn't even be possible for 1 or 2 Fayoran to make all of their lives miserable, so many of them lived long, happy lives, in sisterhoods growing food, singing songs, making clothes. Some would reach the end of their life before the true Fayoran elite decided that farm's population was ripe in quantity for a "reset". Being massacred in groups also gradually decreased the spike in adrenochrome, as it would be offset by other chemicals that were produced as they collectively embraced each other, comforting themselves as they went through this tragedy together. The pseudo-elite Fayoran went through confusion and panic, insisting they were part of the inner-circle and demanding to know what was going on, only to be mocked and killed... Once a farm was empty, Ako elite would settle there with their most promising pupils, to prepare the area for the next pseudo-elite puppet. Fayorans were happy with the quantities and never noticed the gradual decline of quality. Things seemed stable to them, so long as the Elite remained superior in comparison to the pseudo-elite puppet class. Meanwhile Ako elite were increasingly motivated to be more manipulative, more cunning, more selective of what really constituted the inner circle. Fayorans had a competitive spirit, but it was child-like. They could beat each other to the brink of death, and then carry the loser to enjoy drinks together afterward. The Ako however, were raised to believe that their self-worth can only be measured by advancing. They used their intelligence to think of how to be more cruel, more ruthless, more manipulative. What horrible things could they come up with that would shock even the veteran Ako. The

Fayoran would talk about the latest insane acts they saw an Ako commit, and ako felt this was the highest honor for their names to be known outside of the Ako inner-circle. It got harder and harder to make an impression amongst either species, which made the Ako extremely intelligent and creative. They would reveal their idea to a Fayoran elite, asking him to help her gather resources for her to be able to do things that had never been done before. Torture devices and weapons were sprouting up left and right, Fayorans basically felt that if they were partnered with Ako who could optimize and innovate, they would have direct access to the best results, so it developed into a sort of attraction to the Ako's idea of ambition. This pattern was subtle in real-time, but Ako had always been oriented toward the long-term. They were happy to satiate the Fayoran while they engineered the structures and meticulously kept track of each hierarchy. This continued for hundreds of years, seemingly unchanged. One day, a small group of elite Fayoran went off toward a full farm, ready for a routine feast. They would typically arrive quietly and meet with the pseudo-elite to have him gather all of the farm's Ako outside in a group. As they approached the area, they were startled when Ako shouted at them and began alerting each other. The number of Ako was 10x what they expected, and Fayoran were not particularly used to feeling startled or confused. They Ako demanded to know what they were doing there, and nervously a Fayoran said they were visiting the owner of the farm... The Ako didn't hesitate to announce they overtook the farm and killed the owner. The fayoran were in shock. For the first time they were the ones whose adrenaline was spiking,. 100+ Ako were armed and were 100% confident to take on the tiny group of 4 startled Fayoran. They began to pace backwards and all of a sudden one stopped. A spear had gone straight through his torso, stopping him in his tracks. The other 3 turned around but only 2 of their heads finished turning, the third landed on the ground. a band of Ako were returning from hunting, catching the trespassers from behind, with no patience to ask what the fayoran were doing there. The remaining 2 began to run away. They were fast, but their nervousness caused one to trip. The other went to help him back up when an arrow hit his shoulder. He flinched, but they both got on their feet and kept running.

"your shoulder!"

"its nothing, tiny little stab! just hurr-" PBOOOGHM

An explosion cut him off, smoke cleared and all that was left was 2 legs and an arm, the rest has was gone. The remaining one managed to escape and make it back to his region, half of him covered in the blood of his exploded comrade.

Once he arrived he sat down leaned up against a tree. A group of Ako were gathering there, preparing to go to the farm once the Fayoran had finished their feasts. Most Fayoran were asleep at this time, unless they were off to catch a farm off-guard, so only Ako were there to ask what the hell happened. He told them exactly what happened, not realizing the implications. The Ako looked at eachother, it was an interesting thing to hear...

"let's clean you up before anyone sees. If anyone finds out a group of Ako did this to you, they'll just make fun of you. We'll come up with a better story, and then figure out a plan to correct the situation in that area."

"I mean... ill just have to go with a larger group"

"if you do that, youll look weak after the feast. With a large group it will be a simple task, and they'll make fun of the 4 of you who couldn't handle it the first time... You know how these guys are"

"those assholes... then what do we do"

"well, we havent had a chance to use some of the newer weapons, we'll gather some more Ako, let them know the plan, and we'll go together and show them whos boss."

The head of the group gave instructions:

two of you go take care of this fayoran, the rest go gather the top Ako from the development programs, don't tell anyone what happened or what were doing. We'll meet back here at the exact same time tomorrow. Ill have equipment prepared for us.

